


HOW YUNG FU
SAVED A BIBLE

ROSE A. HUSTON

20
7

PROPERTY OF LIBRARY
NORTHEASTERN COLLEGIATE BIBLE INSTITUTE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

HOW YUNG FU SAVED A BIBLE



LUNCH TIME

(See Devil Traps)

1969h
HOW YUNG FU
SAVED A BIBLE

and Other Stories

By
ROSE A. HUSTON



NEW YORK
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

THE MASTER'S COLLEGE
POWELL LIBRARY
SANTA CLARITA, CA 91321

PROPERTY OF LIBRARY
EASTERN COLLEGIATE BIBLE INSTITUTE

COPYRIGHT, MCMXL, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

All rights reserved; no part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission from the Publisher, except by a reviewer desiring to quote brief passages for inclusion in a notice to be inserted in a newspaper or periodical.

Printed in the United States of America

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
London: 21 Paternoster Square

INTRODUCTION

"This is my daughter Rose. She wants to be a missionary." It was at the door of the church in Blanchard, Iowa. A missionary home on furlough had spoken in the church, and was meeting the people. Beside the mother stood a slender lass in her teens, with golden hair glinting in the sun, brown eyes bashfully but fairly meeting others' gaze, and a complexion exactly matching her name. "I must go to school yet," she explained.

When or how God put that purpose into her heart I do not know. I do know that it has led her through school, to China for a much longer period than the average missionary ever gives in that hard land; then to Syria for a year or two, just to "fill in" where needed; then to the pioneer work of the new field in Manchoukuo, with its many difficulties and hindrances. "Well, life is not monotonous, at least," she says. She is the only person, we believe, who has worked in all the foreign fields of the Reformed Presbyterian church, or who has seen them all.

The stories speak for themselves. Many of the actors in these incidents were quite familiar to us who were formerly on the field. The school was just next door. We watched with interest and sometimes amusement the effective and often unusual methods used in leading little ones into the better way, who

had never known control at home. They are grown up now, and many of them are holding honored posts in the service of God and His church. But the boys and girls of today over there have the same problems, the same moral struggle, the same need for some one to point the way to the Saviour who gives life. We are sure we speak for all "Aunt Rose's" fellow workers and friends in seconding her hope that the reading of these stories will make our work abroad more real to us at home. So that when we say our prayers we will ask God to bless these far-away boys and girls, as well as father and mother and the dear ones at home, and so that we will give more freely and gladly. And if God puts it into *your* heart to say to Him, "I want to be a missionary," that will be best of all.

A. I. ROBB.

Van Nuys, Calif.

FOREWORD

With every letter or story I write I have a mysterious, peculiarly satisfying feeling that the minute it is on paper and in the postman's bag, it has gotten across to you, though it must yet travel thousands of miles over land and sea. And I feel that you have received it as joyfully and eagerly as I have written it. Perhaps that is expecting too much of folk who already have so many fascinating books and studies in school and home.

But these stories were written with a very special group of children gathered about the point of my pen, eagerly catching up every word as it flowed from my mind and heart to theirs. I could always be sure they were there, begging for old stories over and over again, impatient if I wasted time trying to think up a new one, just as they were when I was in America on furlough. I could almost feel the lad who had "read all the books in the library," settling me in an easy chair and himself on my lap, saying in the current slang, "Come on, Aunt Rose, let's go!"

This group of children—exactly fifty of them—today range in age from a little lad of seven summers to a big lad of forty-four winters. Three of them are in Heaven; the rest are busy and happy, each in his or her place, students, teachers, doctors, nurses, farmers, merchants, musicians, engineers, and home-

makers. To these, and to their children, all told, nearly eighty, to whom I am "Aunt Rose" by ties of blood and love, I wish to dedicate this book of true stories of Chinese children I have known and loved.

It is my hope that these stories may bring these and thousands of other children in foreign lands very near to you, with their play and their work, their joys and their sorrows, and, above all, may they inspire you to reach far out over mountains and mighty oceans and touch them with the love of Jesus Christ who loved us all and gave Himself for us.

For the courage to consider publishing such a book I would gratefully acknowledge the inspiration of Miss Evangeline Metheny, in whose satisfying friendship, brilliant mind and facile pen I have long found great delight. To Mrs. Anna Pritchard Martin I wish to express my thanks for her encouragement, and for taking the responsibility of preparing manuscript for the publisher.

R. A. H.

Tsitsihar, Manchoukuo.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. HOW YUNG FU SAVED A BIBLE	11
II. KAM TAI, THE CHICKEN THIEF	13
III. SPICED PEANUTS OR SCHOOL	18
IV. HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?	23
V. DEVIL TRAPS	26
VI. KWAN TSOI AND MOOI TSAI	30
VII. AH LAI MOOI, THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER .	34
VIII. COWARDS AND FLASHLIGHTS	38
IX. "LITTLE JESUS" HAS A FIGHT	42
X. TIMOTHY LEI AND HOW HE PUNISHED HIS GRANDMOTHER	47
XI. KIT LAAN	53
XII. THE RUNAWAY SLAVE	59

I

HOW YUNG FU SAVED A BIBLE

Yung Fu was but eight years old when he and his brother Wang Yung Chiu, fourteen, first came to Sabbath school and evening worship in our home in Tsitsihar, Manchuria. Before many years both boys loved Jesus. So did their mother and their grandmother.

The family moved away from Tsitsihar, but we kept in touch with them.

One time, as we were on our way to Meng Shui, we paid this family a visit, since our road led through their village.

While his mother was getting the evening meal, Yung Fu, who was now thirteen, entertained us with tales of his doings. Most interesting of all he told us was how he saved a Bible. This is his story:

"One day as I was going through the Poh Lan Shih (Broken-Ragged Market) I noticed a Bible among a pile of old books and paper. It was quite a good Bible, the kind that sells for ninety cents when new, and it wasn't half worn out.

"I passed on, then, after I had gone a little way, I began to think about the Bible. I thought, 'He'll probably sell that precious Bible with all those other old books to wrap melon seeds or tobacco leaves in. It's not right for a Bible to be used that way. It's too precious. But what can I do about it?'

"I walked on, but I couldn't forget that Bible. Then I thought of the fifteen cents my brother gave me when he was home. I had the money in my pocket right then. I took it out and looked at it. Then I said to myself, 'I'll just take this money and buy that Bible and save it from being destroyed.'

"So I went back, and as if I didn't care much, asked the price of old books and papers. 'Seven cents a pound,' he said.

"I asked the price of the Bible. He balanced it in his hand, 'More than a pound; fifteen cents,' he said.

"But I said it wasn't worth that; pages too small for wall paper; too thin for wrapping. 'I'll give you seven cents for it.'

"He said, 'You can have it for seven if you'll take the whole lot.'

"But what did I want with a lot of Roman Catholic and Buddhist books? So I started off as though I didn't want it.

"Then he said, 'Ten cents.'

"I said, 'I'll give you eight and no more.'

"After a little more dickering, he said, 'Well, eight cents then. Take it.'

"So I got a good ninety-cent Bible for only eight cents. We already had a Bible, but I wanted to save that one. A Bible is too precious to use for wrapping cigarettes or peanuts."

II

KAM TAI, THE CHICKEN THIEF

Mrs. Lei's husband had died and left her with one small son and no money on which to live. Being so very poor she had to live quite simply, seldom having meat to eat, usually just rice with greens or salt pickles or dried radishes.

She had never worked outside her home before, so it was hard for her to begin. But she had been willing to do anything rather than starve. At first, she was taught to shampoo and in order to help keep her and her little boy from starving, the missionary women allowed her to wash their hair occasionally. Later an opportunity came to wash clothes. She rose at daybreak so she might finish early and have a little while at the school, for she was eager to learn to read.

Her son was now old enough to attend school, going early in the morning, returning home mid-morning for breakfast, then back to school until evening.

One morning as he started for school, she said to him, "Wing Kwan, hurry home as soon as class is over. I have a treat for your breakfast."

"Oh, what is it, Mother?"

"Chicken."

"Chicken? Where did you get it? Did some one give it to you?"

"Yes, some one gave it to me. Thank the Heavenly Father."

"I'll be home very soon."

Now chicken is not for poor folk. They seldom get any, unless they are invited to a wedding or a funeral feast. So it was a wonderful treat.

Wing Kwan hurried home—which was in the mission back yard—to find the missionaries and all the Chinese about the place at morning prayers. He went back to the kitchen to sniff about.

Suddenly, family prayers were interrupted by a mighty howl: "Ah Ma! Mother!"

Mrs. Lei ran to see what new calamity had struck.

"Mother, where's my chicken? You ate up all my chicken! Mother, why did you? You said you'd save some for me!"

"Hush! It's there under that bowl."

"But it isn't! There isn't any. You ate it all up from me." And the wild howling continued.

The mother ran back to the prayer room, where they were just finishing the Lord's Prayer.

"Kam Tai (Golden Brother), did you eat my Wing Kwan's chicken?"

"No, I didn't touch his chicken."

"But there was no one else to do it. We were all at worship. Yes, you certainly did, for you left the room while we were reading. Certainly you ate it."

"But I didn't! Do you call me a liar? I didn't steal it. I didn't!"

Wing Kwan added his accusations with all the

anger and fury at his command, between howls, and the fight was on.

Finally the Doctor Lady decided to take a hand in the affair. She knew the chicken had been cooked. Hadn't she smelled it, with fragrance of onions and the garlic? Didn't she know the mother was unselfish enough to leave it all for him? No, Mrs. Lei certainly didn't eat it, and there wasn't even a cat or a dog about the place. And Kam Tai did leave the room during prayers.

The Doctor called the boy to her. "Now, Golden Brother, tell me about the chicken. Did you eat it?"

"No! Didn't even touch it, I didn't."

"Why did you leave the room?"

"I—I—wanted a drink."

"Did you get a drink?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Water."

"Is that water sticking to your lips and face?"
He swiftly wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

"Why did you take the chicken?"

"I didn't. I'm not lying. I didn't. I wouldn't steal from my friend. I believe Jesus—I can't tell a lie. I didn't eat his chicken."

The Doctor Lady was noted for ferreting out all sorts of secrets, and had many plans in her heart for punishments, for she was a school-teacher as well as a doctor. She went to the kitchen, got a pitcher of lukewarm water, and a cup. Then she went into the

"food room" and got some yellow powder from a little tin box, and put it into the water.

"Now, will you please come upstairs to the bathroom." Golden Brother went, wondering what was coming next. They entered and she closed the door.

"Golden Brother, I feel quite sure you ate Wing Kwan's chicken. I saw grease on your mouth. I know all boys like chicken, and I know you don't often have any. But you have no right to take his, and if you took it, it is better to confess it than to add a lie to stealing."

"I didn't take the chicken. Somebody else ate it. I didn't touch it."

Then she poured out a cup of the water and said, "Please drink this." He took one swallow.

"It isn't good. I don't like it."

"But I want you to drink it." He gulped it down. She poured another cup and gave it to him.

"But I don't want to drink it. I'm not thirsty."

"You must drink more. You've had only two cups." So he gulped it down. She poured a third.

"Oh, I don't want any more. I'm full. I can't drink any more. I can't. I can't." She put a wash basin before him and urged him to take a little more.

"But my stomach has a pain—I'm going to—uhrrr—!" and he did.

After a few moments he felt more comfortable.

The Doctor said, "What is that in the basin?"

"Chicken."

"Where did it come from?"

"Out of my stomach."

"How did it get into your stomach?"

"I ate it."

"Where did you get it?"

"I stole Wing Kwan's chicken—but I didn't suppose you could see all the way down into my stomach!"

He was near to tears, fearful of the punishment he might receive.

"No, I can't see down into your stomach. But there is One who can see into your stomach and into your heart, and He knows all that you do. The only way to keep your heart clean and to keep from doing bad things is to ask Jesus to live in your heart. And if you do not believe and repent, remember this: 'Be sure your sin will find you out.'

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

III

SPICED PEANUTS OR SCHOOL

Once upon a time there was a little girl who didn't like to go to school. And sometimes when school time came, she would tell her mother that she had a headache or a stomach ache, and didn't feel able to go to school. Then, when it was too late for school, she would suddenly be all well again and ready for play.

But that isn't the little girl I want to tell you about at all. She really isn't worth putting in a story. The girl I want to tell you about just loved to go to school. She liked school so much that—well, I'll tell you about that later.

Her name was Lei Ah Mooi, which means Little Sister Lei. She lived close to the school, but she had never been there except to visit, and then she seemed like a little frightened bird. Her brothers went to a school for boys, but her father and mother never thought of sending her to school. She was only a girl.

But one day a kind-hearted Christian man spoke to her mother about letting her go to school. I think perhaps he thought she might make a nice wife for his son when she was grown up. The mother just laughed and said, "Read book? My Ah Mooi? She's a girl! And she is stupid, too. And, besides,

we would have to pay several dimes every month to the school, and we couldn't do that for a girl."

Mr. Leung said, "I am sure she is very bright, and if you will let her go I will pay the school money."

So Little Sister came to school. She was so timid that her mother had to come with her the first morning, and she slipped over to school several times that day, thinking Ah Mooi would cry to go home. But she didn't cry, and she didn't even want to go home long enough to eat her lunch.

She was ever so bright and was so happy to be learning to read and write and sing and play games. But she had one fault—or perhaps it was her mother's fault, and I sometimes felt sorry for Ah Mooi because of it. The other girls didn't like to play with her, or sit with her, and they sometimes made fun of her and made her cry. They said her name should be Oo Mooi instead of Ah Mooi. Oo Mooi means "Dirty Sister"—because she was never clean when she came to school.

Her mother never seemed to notice that her clothes were so terribly dirty, and didn't try to keep her clean. Ah Mooi would say she could not wash her own neck and ears, and her mother didn't have time, and she couldn't even wash her hands clean because they had no soap. So we gave her some soap, and she learned that she could keep herself clean even if her mother didn't seem to mind the dirt. Then she was much happier in school.

After two or three years, the man who had paid

her school money went to live in another city, and he didn't send any money back to her. Her mother asked me to let her come to school without paying, but I could not do that. So Ah Mooi didn't come to school. After a few days the mother came back, thinking I would be sorry to lose so bright a pupil. She begged me to pay for her, but I would not do that either, for I knew she could pay it if she would. "Well, then, Ah Mooi can't go to school," she said, and Little Sister went home crying. But almost every day she would slip in for a little while and listen and long to be there all the time.

Half a year later I was surprised very early on the first day of school to see Ah Mooi and her mother—Ah Mooi proud and happy with a new suit of clothes, and her mother even more proud and happy. And I just knew they had a secret.

But I soon found out what it was, for Ah Mooi pulled from her pocket what seemed to her like a lot of money, and told the great secret all in a breath.

"I want to enter school, and here is my money and I earned it all myself, and my new clothes, besides!"

The mother was so proud and happy that her eyes filled with tears, and while Ah Mooi looked through her beloved books, she told me how the little girl had earned the money.

"Her father said going to school only made girls lazy and proud and useless, but she was determined to go, so he told her to earn her own money since she was so hot-hearted to 'read book'! He didn't suppose she would do it—just see how little she is—but

she started at once by taking care of a neighbor's cow several hours every day out in the graveyard. See how brown she is from being out in the sun so much." And the fond mother patted the little half-shaved head with its tiny "pigtail" of sun-bleached hair, neatly combed and tied with a bit of pink yarn.

"Then she earned a lot of pennies taking care of the neighbors' babies while they worked. But she thought it would take too long to get enough money that way, so she decided to do harder work and get more money. She hoed, and pulled weeds, and when silkworm time came she picked mulberry leaves every day. Other little girls would get tired and quit, but she always thought of school, and the books she wanted to buy, and kept on working.

"You know Ah Mooi used to beg me every day for a few cash or pennies to buy spiced peanuts from the blind man at the hospital. Oh, how she loves spiced peanuts! Just ask the blind man. But, do you know, all this summer she has not spent a cent for peanuts, or candy, or cakes. She saved every penny she earned because she loved her school and her books. And now her father loves her. And he is very proud of her, and perhaps we will let her be a Christian."

And so Ah Mooi came back to school, and I am sure you have helped her and her teachers and her school every time you have prayed for China. And it may be that in answer to your prayers Ah Mooi will grow into a good Christian woman who will be

able to help other little girls to love school and to love God.

In return for what you have done for her, I hope she may help you to be always clean—hands, faces, clothes, and hearts. And I hope her story may help you to love your school, to love hard work, and to spend your pennies and nickels only for those things that will make you strong, and wise, and good.

IV

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?

How much are you worth? Thirty cents?

"A lot more than that!" I hear you say.

Well, how much *are* you worth? If your father and mother were putting a price on you, what would they say you were worth? A thousand dollars?

"They wouldn't sell me at all. Not for a million dollars!"

Well, then, how many of you have a baby brother or sister, or can remember when you did have one? How much was that baby worth when it was very small and helpless? Thirty cents? Much, much more than that, I am sure. But let me tell you about a baby that wasn't worth even thirty cents.

One day, as I sat in my study, a knock was heard at the gate. The old gate-keeper slipped back the bar and opened the gate, and there stood an old, old lady, very hot and tired, with two large baskets swinging from a pole across her shoulder. She had walked fifteen miles since morning, so she was glad to come in and rest in the shade of a palm tree. A group of women and girls soon gathered about her, all excited and eager to see what was in the baskets; then I, too, became curious.

"I'd like to see what you have in your baskets too, grandma," I said. "It must be something wonderful, I am sure."

"Come and see," she said. I went closer, and what do you suppose I saw? Just two bricks. Nothing very interesting or exciting about bricks, I thought.

"Here it is," she said, as she lifted away some old blue rags from the other basket. And there it was, a tiny, tiny, pink baby screwing up its little face, and blinking its eyes in the bright light. It wasn't even dressed, just lying naked in a bed of old rags.

"Whose baby is it, and what are you doing with it here?"

"Oh, it belongs to a family out in the country. They had two or three girls, and when this one came, they didn't want her, so they called me to carry her off to the Foundling House."

"How much would you sell her for?" asked one of the women.

"Oh, she isn't worth anything. But if you will give me thirty cents for carrying her in, you may have her."

Not worth anything! Thirty cents for carrying her away! And the two bricks? Oh, no, she wouldn't throw them away. They were worth carrying home. But the wee baby girl, so sweet, and plump, and pretty—not worth anything! Not even worth as much as two bricks!

And so, as we stood and longed for some way to be able to care for the little outcast, the old lady put on her broad coolie hat, tied the string under her chin, shouldered her burden of baby and bricks, and said, "Well, I must be going. She's getting hungry.

She was born yesterday and hasn't had anything to eat yet." And off she went with the baby.

You are worth more than a million dollars, you say. She isn't worth anything. What makes the great difference? It is just this. That Chinese father and mother didn't know that God had bought their baby girl, while your parents knew that you were "bought with a price."

And what was the price God paid for you and that baby? "Ye were redeemed [bought back] not with gold or silver, but with precious blood, even the blood of Christ." The blood of Christ, God's own dear Son, the King of kings! The Life of the King! Oh, what a price for God to pay for you and for that little Chinese baby! And, oh, how precious you both are to Him. But her parents didn't know the great price God paid, and they said, "She isn't worth anything." Yet the life of Jesus the King was the price God paid for you and for her.

How much are you worth to God?

V

DEVIL TRAPS

Once upon a time there was a school for girls. It was a boarding school.

In the school room were big, middle-sized, and little seats. In the dining room were big, middle-sized, and small-sized tables and big, middle-sized, and small-sized stools to match. Upstairs were big, middle-sized, and tiny beds—boards. And at the door you would usually find a squadron of big, middle-sized, and little wooden shoes parked outside like twin flat boats or cars while their owners went bare-foot on cool clean floors or wore soft embroidered shoes which made less clatter indoors than the heavy wooden ones. And there were big, middle-sized, and little girls to match all these shoes, and beds, and stools, and tables, and desks.

I think there were bowls to match, too, but the chopsticks were all the same size—and the quietest part of the day, aside from prayer time, was for a few minutes after a blessing was asked, when you could hear only the clip, clip of chopsticks as a roomful of hungry girls filled their clamoring stomachs with rice. By the time they were ready for the greens and meat, the clatter began again.

Of course, there was quiet at night when all were in bed—and yet there were sounds—sometimes queer noises—very soft at times, like a faint whisper-

ing, but so terrifying. Or it might be a tap-tapping, then again, thump, thumpity, thump—or a lively scramble—or . . .

Of course, there was only one thing that could make such mysterious noises—*kwai*—devils! Hadn't they often heard them at home? Didn't even their mothers and fathers fear them? And put up sharp forked sticks on the roof to catch them?

And so, after the first fright, the girls very quietly moved their beds together, four or five in a row, and all lay in a terrified huddle in the middle. The mosquito bed-net was no protection when evil spirits were abroad on their nightly prowlings. It was too hot to cover up in bedclothes. A lighted lamp would help, but that was against the rules.

Next morning, the school mother noticed the beds had been moved and ordered them put back in place, only to find them together again next night.

Finally, she learned why they were doing it. "*Yau Kwai!* Devils! Every night we hear them and we are afraid to sleep alone."

"Oh, no! there are no devils in this house," she answered them. "This is a Christian school. Don't you know devils don't haunt our houses? Now, just go to sleep, for I am sure you have nothing to fear. A devil wouldn't dare come here where Jesus is."

Now most of these girls were not Christians and knew nothing about Jesus until they came to school. And you couldn't blame them for being afraid—even the few Christian girls were afraid, for certainly

there were noises—and what but devils roam about in the dark to frighten folk?

Finally, the school mother decided that something must be done. She herself was not an out-and-out Christian, and she, too, was a bit frightened. Then she thought of a plan. They would make a devil trap.

So she called the girls together, and said, "Now, when you go to bed take the tape you use to tie up your trousers (you would call them slacks or pajamas). Make a big loop with a slipknot. Put this beside you on the bed or hang it to the mosquito net and keep the end of the string grasped tightly in your hand. When you hear the evil spirits, just bravely invite them to come on and you'll give them something. They will put their heads in the noose, hoping for an offering or a gift, then you pull the string and you've caught the devil."

They decided it was a good plan, and so, their hearts not so fearful with this wonderful trap beside them, they went to bed, hoping for a good rest, with no fearful disturbance.

But no!—there the *kwai* was again—a thump, thumpity, thump—a terrified scream—and all were awake. The traps hadn't worked!

At last it came to the ears of the school principal. She said, "Rats! It's no devil!"

The rats had found the closet under the stairs where the bags of rice were kept, and every night they feasted. Frolicking gaily down the attic stairs, through the door into the next room, down the broad

stair steps to the dining room, and into the closet, they gorged themselves. Then, thumpity, thump, they climbed back to the attic to hide away till dark came again, and quiet.

An "iron cat"—or trap—soon cleared out the "devils," and the girls were taught that the thing the devil fears most is the Good Spirit of Jesus Christ in a Christian's heart, and that he can never harm one who is protected by "the whole armor of God."

VI

KWAN TSOI AND MOOI TSAI

I wonder if it is as cold in America as it is here today. I suppose it is colder, for I hear that it gets so cold that the rain turns to ice and snow. But it very seldom gets so cold as that here in South China, and when it does, perhaps once in twenty or twenty-five years, we think it is very wonderful. Perhaps you would not think it very cold here today, but we are all dressed in our warmest clothing and still are shivering.

We think that if we keep our hearts warm, our whole body will be warm, so we often wear as many as seven or eight *shaams*—coats—one of them a thick one padded with cotton, and it is very clumsy trying to write and study with so much on. But we don't wear so much on the lower parts of our bodies, and never wear stockings. Of course, some people who have more money have them. Our everyday shoes are a piece of wood with a little pocket of woven grass or cloth to put our toes in, and what a clatter we do make on the board floors which the school house has.

When it is very cold we don't have stoves to keep us warm, I guess because we can't afford to buy wood to burn. So we use fire baskets, in which are put glowing coals covered with ashes, and they give off quite a good deal of heat. Some people tie one

around their waist under their clothing, and they look very funny to foreigners, with a big hump on their backs.

Well, we are almost forgetting to tell you who we are. We are two little girls of Tak Hing, and our names are Kwan Tsoi and Mooi Tsai. Kwan Tsoi means "all good luck," and Mooi Tsai means "little slave." These are the names we go by at home, but when we entered school we got new names, which are Fook Lin, "Blessing Grace," and Mei Chun, "Beautiful Truth."

We both live with the same family, but we are not sisters, or any relation to the family. They have a son, and, according to Chinese custom, had to buy a girl to be his wife when he grew up. So they bought Kwan Tsoi. We don't know just how much they paid for her, perhaps ten or twelve dollars. Then they bought Mooi Tsai for a slave, to do all kinds of work. We are about the same age and size, and are both in the same class at school.

It was very hard to leave our fathers and mothers and family when we were so small, but almost every girl in China has to do it. Mooi Tsai's father died about six weeks ago, so she had to go home this week for the funeral. We have strange customs about burials, you will think, when we tell you that the body is not often buried until a long time after death—usually about forty-nine days. An old person, if not too poor, will buy his own coffin and keep it in the house sometimes for several years before he dies. We have heard something about the way you cele-

brate July Fourth in America. You might think our funerals were celebrations like that if you saw one. We fire off crackers, have big red banners and a band to play. The band is to show honor to the dead, and also to frighten away the evil spirits.

Would you like to know something about the school here? The building seems quite large to us, having four rooms, besides one small one, and has ever so many windows, which is so different from our homes. They have no windows except a few bricks left out of the wall.

All of the pupils eat, sleep, study, and live in these five rooms, and it is pretty crowded with thirty or thirty-five of us. One year it was so crowded we had to put some beds up in the attic. Our beds are pine boards laid across stools, and we don't have thick mattresses on them as you do, but only pieces of matting. Our pillows are made of crockery ware or wood, and each one is usually a little larger than a brick—and as hard as a brick.

We eat mostly rice and greens, with a little fish or other meat, and sometimes other vegetables. We use two chopsticks to eat with, and these, with a rice bowl, are all the dishes one needs, so our dishwashing is not very hard.

Miss Huston gave us a feast on her birthday, and we asked her to eat with us. She can eat with chopsticks almost as well as we can, and seems to like Chinese food very much.

We are always glad to hear about America, and the way you live there.

We have been in school only three months, but we have learned the Commandments, some little prayers, and many verses in the Bible, besides the "Three Character Classics" which tells about Jesus. We also study reading and writing Chinese characters, arithmetic, and ethics, and have Bible study every day.

May the Heavenly Father bless you and give you peace, is our heart's desire.

FOOK LIN,
MEI CHUN.

VII

AH LAI MOOI, THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER

Good morning. Have you eaten rice? Oh, no, of course not, for you've been in bed only an hour or two. Well, I've had my breakfast and am ready for a good play, but I think I shall write you a letter instead, and tell you something about myself. My name is Ah Lai Mooi, and I am nine years old, though I was only seven and a half when my picture was taken with Ah Tsoi.

My friend, Ah Tsoi, had my little sister on her back, but I usually carried her myself when my mother was busy. She was Mrs. Wright's washer-woman before she went to America, so I had to take care of Shau Tai most of the time, it seemed to me. When she was a tiny baby and slept most of the time, it wasn't so hard to have her on my back; but when she got older and heavier and naughtier, she was very hard to manage.

We live up in the city of Tak Hing, and I came down with my mother every day and went to the "Love the Doctrine" Girls' School. "Well," you say, "I have to take care of my baby sister when I am not at school, too, so I don't think you have such a hard time." But did you ever have to take the baby to school with you? Perhaps you would rather just stay at home than do that, but I wouldn't, for you know

little girls in China were never taught to read and write till the foreigners came, so when we have a chance to learn, we are ten parts pleased to go to school, and are eager to study. My mother couldn't work very well with Shau Tai on her back, and, anyway, her little head would be almost shaken off while mother rubbed the clothes on the washboard, don't you think? So I took her to school.

Sometimes when she was asleep, I would let her lie on my seat or on my desk, and my back would get rested some. But when she woke up, I had to hurry and get her tied on my back again, and rock, and swing, and jiggle, and pat her all the time to keep her quiet, so she wouldn't bother the other girls. Sometimes she would get very cross, and cry so much that Miss Dean would send me out of school with her. I just couldn't bear to miss my classes, so mother would put her into an empty tub and I would run back to school and leave her to scream and cry till she went to sleep, or some one took her up. I think some of the foreigners thought she was very naughty, or that we were cruel to her. Of course I couldn't tell what they said about us in English, but I could see how cross they looked sometimes.

I'm sure you have nice happy homes over in America, but I'm sorry to say mine isn't altogether happy. In the first place, we don't live in a big, clean, airy house, but in a little brick one, with walls all blackened with smoke because we have no chimneys; no windows, and no books or pictures except some magazine pictures I got at school. Some of our

houses have floors of dirt, others of brick or stone. Then we let our pigs, dogs, and chickens come right into the house with us, too, so it is anything but easy to keep it clean.

But that isn't the worst of it. People say that my father is a bad man and a gambler; but I love him, and I think he loves me, too, though he is most cruel to my mother. I can remember that when I was quite a little girl he would sometimes come home terribly angry, take the money my mother had earned, and go away again; and sometimes he would beat her hard with a big bamboo stick. He was pleased to have her work for the foreigners, because she got good wages, but he didn't want her to learn the Jesus doctrine. However, she learned enough of it to believe in Jesus, and was baptized, though she knew how angry my father would be.

One time the foreigners gave a Chinese feast for the Christians and we were late getting home. My father met us at the door with a big stick, and said to mother, "Is it true that you believe this Jesus doctrine, and have been baptized?" She said it was; then he beat her until she was nearly dead and her body was all black and blue. I was so frightened I just screamed and cried till I lost all my good supper. He went away then, and I helped my mother get on the bed.

When she was able, we ran away and went to the foreigners and stayed for many weeks. By and by, my father went to Canton to be a soldier, and we didn't see him for a long time, so our home was more

peaceful and happy. Then this summer he sent for us to go to Canton and live with him, but he was sent away to hunt robbers and pirates, so we came back home again.

I am a believe-Jesus little girl, and I wish my father were a Christian, too, then we would have a happier home. Will you not all pray that our Heavenly Father will change his heart and make him a good man? We thank the Heavenly Father many times for sending the foreigners to teach us about Jesus, and we thank you for praying for us, and for giving your money and your friends to send to China.

May the Heavenly Father bless you each one.

From your little Chinese sister,

AH LAI MOOI.

VIII

COWARDS AND FLASHLIGHTS

They were talking in Junior meeting one day about "death's dark vale," and when the teacher said that some folks were very much afraid of it, little Johnnie spoke up bravely and said, "Not me! Not if I have a flashlight!"

Of course not. Who would be afraid with a flashlight? It is easy enough to be brave, even in the darkest, loneliest place, if you have a light. But if Johnnie didn't have a flashlight, or electric lights, or any kind of light, do you suppose he would be so brave? And isn't it true that we are all cowards sometimes unless we have a light, or something else to give us courage?

It is very curious, isn't it, the things that make us afraid? I remember two little girls who one day slipped out of the house, slyly hiding something under their aprons, and they didn't come back for a long time. I think they even went without their lunch. And why do you suppose they stayed away so long? They were afraid to come back. Their mother asked them why they were afraid, and they said, "Because we took some cookies after you had told us not to eat any more."

A great man once said, "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," and conscience, you know, is something inside of you that tells you when you are

doing wrong. That was what made the little girls afraid to see their mother.

Then there is that curious thing that makes us afraid to say, "No, I won't," when some one wants us to do some naughty thing.

But, perhaps, what makes us afraid isn't so important as to know what will make us brave. That is very curious, too. A Chinese man, at whose home some Americans were visiting, urged his guests to eat of a delicious looking dish of meat. A Chinese guest asked what kind of meat it was. "Dog meat," was the answer. "Good! And what kind of a dog was it?" "It was a yellow one," the host replied. "Better still! That will make us strong and brave."

Then I remember a tiger being killed out in the mountains one day and brought to market. As soon as people heard of it they rushed to buy a bit of the meat, and they especially wanted a piece of the heart or liver, because they believed it would make those who ate it as brave and fearless as a tiger.

And what would you think of eating a bit of the heart of a bold, fearless robber who had been killed, to make you brave? I have known some people who say they have done one or all of those things, and one or two of them really seemed to be brave and fearless, whether it was danger, or ridicule, or persecution, or temptation that might have made them afraid. But there are thousands of brave folks who never ate any of those things, I am sure, so I think our courage does not come from anything we eat.

Then where does it come from? What makes us

brave enough to do something hard, like speaking a piece at school, or praying in Junior meeting, or going to bed all alone, when our hearts are thumping and our knees shaking with fear? What was it made our soldier brothers brave enough to go into battle in the face of cannon balls and guns and bombs? What gave a thirteen-year-old lad courage to sing and smile, when for years his poor twisted little body was tortured with pain? His thin crippled hands could not have held a real flashlight as he went through "death's dark vale," but he must have had one, for he was not afraid.

No, I am sure that neither a few bites of the bravest yellow dog that ever won a fight, a bit of meat from the king of the forest, nor even a taste of a bold robber's heart will make you brave and without fear in the face of danger, or sin, or in "death's dark vale." Bravery comes from the heart, and not from the stomach, and "the best hearts are ever the bravest."

Now, let us see if Johnnie didn't have the secret of it after all—a flashlight? There was Joshua, that grand old conqueror of thirty-one kings and many cities. And there was Daniel, a lad who was carried off by a wicked king to a foreign land and made a slave. Not even the cruel king could make a coward of him, though he tried to feed him to fierce, hungry lions. And King David, when he was a boy, was not afraid to go out to fight the terrible giant that had made all the army cowards, and he was still full of

courage when he was king and his enemies were trying to kill him.

Yes, they all knew the secret of courage—a flashlight, one that never burns out, and one whose light only sin can darken. Listen! "The Lord spake unto Joshua, saying, Be strong and of good courage; be not affrighted, neither be thou dismayed: for *the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.*"

And again: "So Daniel was taken up out of the lions' den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because *he had trusted in his God.*" And hear what David said: "*The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?*"

Christ says, "I am the light of the world. He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

"Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For *thou art with me.*"

Yes, that is the secret of courage, Jesus Christ the Light. He knows no fear, and He expects you to fear nothing while He is with you.

IX

"LITTLE JESUS" HAS A FIGHT

Did you ever have a fight, a real bloody-nosed, black-eyed fight? And why did you fight, and how? Was it a "good fight" like Paul's, or a selfish one? Did you fight like a mad cat, or like a brave, true soldier? Were you angry, or ashamed, or happy when it was all over?

Tak Sun, a little Chinese boy, had a fight one day—in fact, he had two fights. The first was a real fist fight with some other boys, and the second was a real heart fight with some "fraidy-cat" feelings inside of him.

He had come to live at the hospital with his mother, who worked there, and he soon had many friends, for he was a jolly little lad with a smile for everyone. The Doctor Lady liked him so well that she called him "Dickon," which was the name of a happy boy in *The Secret Garden*.

When he was about five years old, he started to school. And he did what very few little boys in that city had ever done—he went to school with girls. The school was only a little way from the hospital, but it took some courage for him to go through an alley called Coffin Street, because it was so long and narrow, with high brick walls on either side, and because so many coffins were carried that way to the graveyard just around the corner. Then, besides, he

might meet some water buffaloes or soldiers or "Old Crazy Dog," the beggar.

After about two years, he was getting too big to study with girls, so he went to the school for boys, up in the city. At first it was a long, lonely walk for a little fellow. He had to go out the hospital gate, past the old altar, where the neighbors worshipped under a banyan tree; then along a rough, narrow path by the side of several ponds, with a little village near by where two or three dogs were always waiting to snarl and bark, and some boys ready to tease. Once safely past the village, he followed the path, sometimes with vegetable gardens on each side, and sometimes between fields of mulberry sprouts so much higher than his head that he seemed to be deep in a forest. Then there were orchards of grapefruit and oranges, and a shrine built right over the road, where sometimes women or children were worshipping the tiny idol that stood in a little niche in the wall. Soon he came to a beautiful big banyan tree beside another pond, more mulberries, then, all at once, to the city. Just a block or two through the narrow, crooked street, and he was at the school.

One morning he started out with his books neatly wrapped in his handkerchief, and a happy smile on his face, for he was very happy to be a "read-book" boy in a boys' school, and not with girls. His mother, happy, too, because he was a "read-book" boy, was busy with her morning work, when some one called out, "Three Sister, here comes 'Little Tooth' (Tak

Sun's 'milk name' or baby name), all bleeding and crying!"

She rushed to meet him, fearing he was badly injured. He angrily threw down his precious books, stamped his foot and cried, "I'm not going to school any more! I'm not going to school!"

Quickly his mother wiped the dusty tears and blood from his face, but found only a lip cut a little, and a swollen eye.

"How did you get hurt," she asked, "and why are you so angry?"

After a little, he sobbed, "I fought those Wong boys."

"But why did you fight them—two or three of them, and all bigger than you, too?"

"They called me names. They called me 'Little Jesus.' I won't be called 'Little Jesus' and I won't go to school, either!"

"So you don't want to go to school any more? I thought you liked school."

"Well, I do like school, but I won't have them laugh at me and call me 'Little Jesus' all the time."

"Then I suppose I shall have to see about putting you in the Girls' School again," said his mother, as she went off to get him some breakfast.

Then a new fight was on, for how could a boy who had already been in school with other boys, and had learned how wonderful it is to be a boy and have real boy manners—how could he go back to be with girls again? That would be a disgrace. He would "lose face." No, he just couldn't do that. If only his

mother would let him stay at home he would watch cows or do anything.

Soon she had his breakfast ready, and as he ate it, she started the fight all over again, though he thought at first it was just to be one of their happy talks together.

"Do you remember the English names the Doctor Lady gave to Mr. Ch'ue and Mr. Tse?" she asked.

"Yes, I remember them, and I can say them, too. McLeod and Philip," he answered, proud that he could say some English words.

"Do they like those names?"

"Oh, yes, they like them very much, and they always smile when anyone calls them by their English names."

"Of course they like it, because they were the names of some good men the Doctor Lady knew in America," said the mother. "Do you learn about any great men at school?"

"Yes, I know about Confucius, and Washington, and Lincoln."

"Wouldn't you be pleased to have the name of a great man?"

"Yes, and some of the big boys at school do have the names of the good men of America."

"Wasn't Jesus greater and better than they? They loved their country, and some fought and died for it. Jesus loved the whole world. He loved it so much that He died to save it. If the schoolboys are glad to be called those names, surely you should be glad to be called the name of the greatest man in all

the world. Some wicked men used to tease Him, too, and call Him names. They called Him the King, and put a crown on Him made of twigs and thorns. They laughed at Him and mocked Him, even while they pounded nails into His hands and feet to fasten Him to the cross where He died. But He didn't say an angry word. He was just sorry for them and loved them.

"When Jesus suffered all that for you, don't you think you could just be glad and smile when the boys tease you and call you 'Little Jesus,' the name of the greatest and best man that ever lived?

"Now it is time for you to go back to school. I am sorry you missed your morning class. Here are your books. May the Heavenly Father bless you. Good-bye."

And Tak Sun won his biggest and hardest fight when he looked earnestly into his mother's face and started up the road to school.

X

TIMOTHY LEI AND HOW HE PUNISHED HIS GRANDMOTHER

Timothy Lei was a school baby. His mother was a teacher and lived in a Mission school, so, of course, that was his home too.

He was also a spoiled baby. His first cradle was a *meh tai* on his grandmother's back, and even before he came to school to live, when he was only two or three weeks old, he was able to demand a seat in that *meh tai* instead of lying on his back on the bed. With his tiny red legs astride her hips, and his head resting snugly against her broad back, he was perfectly happy.

She was so proud of him—her first and only grandson—that she wanted to carry him most of the time, the beautifully embroidered *meh tai*, with its long, bright red straps, tied about her, telling to the world that her grandchild was a BOY. True, if you asked her his name she would say it was "Puppy Dog," but that was only a nickname. His mother was a Christian and didn't try to fool the evil spirits with such a horrid name. She called him Pak Ue, which means Northern Elm. That sounds almost as funny as Puppy Dog for a boy's name, doesn't it? But she said she wanted him to grow up to be strong and beautiful and noble like the great elm tree of the North.

Timothy, or Pak Ue, was a very bright boy, too. After his grandmother went home, it took him only a few days to learn that he must be content to lie and sleep on the bed, though he did make many howling protests against the change from his grandmother's back. As he grew older, he developed a "very hard neck"—that means he was terribly stubborn—and sometimes a stingy little switch had to be used to help him to learn some lessons.

And how he loved his father, though he saw him only once or twice a year, for he worked in a far-away city. His mother taught him to write dear baby letters to him, and to look eagerly for the answer that always came.

During vacations they lived with his grandmother, but he liked the school much better. His grandmother had no good place for him to play. Her back yard was planted full with beans and cabbage and spinach. Her front yard was only a tiny court paved with stone around the edge, with a garbage dump and a pig wallow in the center. So he had to stay indoors or play on the hot, dirty, narrow streets, where he soon learned all the naughtiness of the street children.

Of course, he was always glad when vacation was over and he could go back to the big grassy playground, the swing, the balls, the Tinker toys, and especially, all the girls, big and little, eager to please him—and spoil him.

Did you ever play funeral? Of course not, in America, but there is really a lot of excitement about



(Upper) TEACHER LADY (ROSE HUSTON) AND TIMOTHY LEE

(Lower) TAK HING HOSPITAL BABIES

a funeral in China, so that was a favorite game with Pak Ue and his little friend Tak Yun, and they two would have some wonderful funerals. For a coffin they tied a small stick to a large one, and they would be the carriers. They had to have mourners too, so they would tie white rags on their heads and sit down along the road and cry and wail awhile beside their coffin. Of course they must have a band to play, so they were the band too, playing a drum, a flute, or cymbals made of pumpkin leaf stalks or tin cans. And, oh, the fine firecracker noises they made with their hands, for they have to have firecrackers at a funeral too, you know. Then at last they would march off at a "coolie trot" to the corner of the school yard, turn gravediggers, bury their stick, and come back ready for another game.

Sometimes he would go to the schoolroom door and coax some little girl to come out and play with him. If she didn't go, he would probably tell her that "Crazy Dog," the beggar, would get her if she didn't come at once.

When he was about three years old, his mother decided that he was "a waste of business" at school and sent for her mother to come and take him home with her. A day or two later, as the American teacher sat in her study, she heard the voice of a small boy saying very decidedly, "No! No, I am not going! I tell you, I am not going!" An older voice gently urged him, but he got louder and angrier, till at last he was scolding and crying and stamping his feet, and saying very naughty things to her.

The Teacher went out to see what the fuss was about, for she didn't like fusses in her back yard or in the school. There she found Pak Ue and his grandmother. She looked very sad and helpless. Pak Ue stood there with his hands full of cakes and peanuts, his mouth wide open, and a dreadful howl coming from it. She was about to let him go back into the school, just because he was "not willing" to go home with her, and she had no plan to make him go.

But the Teacher had a plan. She called Pak Ue to come to her. But he clung to his grandmother, because he suddenly remembered the sting of a certain bedroom slipper once before when he had a tantrum. Then he decided to obey. Perhaps he remembered a peach tree near by which grew particularly good switches—the tree he had tried to cut down one day so his mother couldn't get any more switches.

When the Teacher Lady learned all about the fuss, that he had not only said such naughty things to his grandmother, and had refused to go home with her, but had not even thanked her for the goodies she had brought to him, she went and got a bowl of water, a cloth, and some soap.

"Now, Pak Ue," she said, "I am going to punish you in a way which I hope will help you always to remember not to scold or say bad words. Open your mouth, please." He opened his lips, showing his fine little teeth. "No, I am not going to wash your teeth. Open your mouth wide." So he opened it wide, and no doubt some tears trickled in. Then she washed

his mouth and tongue thoroughly with plenty of good Ivory soap. When she finished, he didn't even cry, and she wondered if it wouldn't have been better if she had used laundry soap instead.

After talking kindly to him a little while, she told him to go and thank his grandmother for the cakes and nuts, and apologize for being so very rude to her. He hesitated a little, then went to her and said, "Thank you for the nuts and cakes." "Is that all you have to say?" the Teacher asked. His face began to get "long and black," and the tears began to ooze through, and the Teacher began to wonder which was going to show up, the noble little Northern Elm or the peach tree. He looked into the Teacher Lady's face a moment, then the sturdy stubborn little Elm turned to his grandmother and said, "I 'had a mistake' when I scolded you, Grandmother—but I'm not going home with you." And he stamped his foot when he said it. But there was the Teacher Lady. And there was the peach tree. So he reluctantly took her hand and started off.

Several weeks later his mother was home for a day or two, and as she was working about the house, Pak Ue came to her with a wash cloth in his hand and said, "Mother, where is the soap?"

"I put it away," she said. "Why do you want it?"

"I must have it quickly. I need it."

"But I washed you once. Your hands are clean. I think you want to play with it and waste it."

"No, I won't waste it, and I must have it. Please give it to me," he said.

“First, tell me what you want to do with it.”

“Well, my grandmother has been scolding and saying bad words, and I want to wash her mouth like the Teacher Lady did mine, so she won’t do it any more.”

And when his grandmother heard him say that, she was so ashamed that she cried, so he didn’t need to wash her mouth after all.

XI

KIT LAAN

Do you ever stop to thank the Heavenly Father for your strong, healthy body? Or, when you are sick, do you thank Him that your parents and the doctor have been given wisdom to heal you? If there are any of you who must wait till you go to Heaven to be made well and strong, I am sure you are thankful every day that you are loved and cared for just the same.

Now let me tell you a little story that will help you to realize how wonderful a thing it is to have a strong, healthy body, free from disease and weakness.

A family in Tak Hing had no little girls. For many years the mother longed for a daughter, so they finally decided to buy one. But where would you go to buy a girl? Who ever heard of selling or buying a child? Would any father and mother sell their own little girl? I'm sure yours wouldn't. But in China they sometimes do. Which would your father think was worth more, his baby girl or a pig? In China, in those days, a pig was usually worth more, and you could get a five-year-old girl for eight or ten dollars.

This family decided to send a servant or a friend to be a "go-between"—that is, to manage the busi-

ness of finding a suitable child, "talk price," then come back and report.

After a long hot walk of several miles, she came to a village in which lived a poor widow. She greeted the woman kindly, and soon the poor mother was telling of her sad life—weeping over the death of her husband, and the poverty and hard work.

"Life is so hard. We are so poor. We spent so much money trying to heal my husband, and now I am alone—no land, no money, these five children, and only one pair of hands to feed six mouths. It's hard, so hard." And she wept much.

This was the opportunity of the "go-between." "Why not sell one of the children—this baby girl? That would give you a little money and make your life much easier."

"But I don't want to sell my baby! My heart is so sad already. Oh, I couldn't sell my baby!"

"Of course, you would be sad to part with her, but doesn't it make you sad when you see the children hungry and there is nothing for them to eat?"

"Suppose you could sell her to a rich family who would give her plenty to eat and dress her in beautiful clothes, would that not make you happy?"

"Yes, I would be happy for her, but my heart would be longing for her. When a baby goes one's world is empty."

"I know a family who want a baby—for a daughter, not a slave. And they will be very kind to her. Would you be willing to sell her to them? Of course, if you sold her for a 'little slave' you could

get more money; but your heart would be at peace knowing she was a daughter, loved and well treated."

So after more talk about the new home, the price, and so on, the bargain was made. The mother cleaned up the wee girlie, received the money, and the "go-between" tied her astride her hips in a square of cloth with a string on each corner.

Ten dollars—one mouth less to feed—and the baby in a fine home. Yes, life would be easier.

The rich lady was very happy when she saw the baby, and soon was busy making gay dresses and embroidering beautiful red "cat-face" shoes for her.

Soon she decided she must have a larger girl to care for the baby so she sent the servant out again.

This time she found another widow, living in the city, who was very poor and had two daughters. It was very hard for the mother to make even the few cents necessary to feed their three mouths every day, and, besides, the older girl was always sick and needing medicine. So the "go-between" bargained for the younger girl—six or seven years old—and took her home to be nursemaid for the baby, who was now called Kit Laan, which means Pure Lily.

The older sister, To Hing, as I told you, had been ill a long time. A friend said to her mother, "Why don't you take her to the new hospital? The missionary doctors are very kind, and able to cure all diseases."

"No, I'm not taking her to the hospital. She's not worth it. See that idol under the bed? I've prayed

to it and worshipped it and burned incense and paper offerings till the ashes under the bed are heavier than her body. No, I'm not taking her to the hospital."

Though nine years old, the girl was so weak she couldn't walk. The friend was so sure the American doctor could cure her that she carried To Hing on her back to the hospital. The doctor soon gave her medicine for chills and fever, for hookworms, and "heavenly snakes," and in a few days she was much better.

One day the doctor said, "Wouldn't you like to visit the School for Girls?" She was eager to go, for hadn't her father often told her she was to be educated as he would have educated his son if he had lived?

So she was taken to the school. She saw and heard everything and was so happy she said to her friend, "You may go home. I'm not going. I'm going to stay here and learn to read." And so she entered school, determined to fulfil her father's wish.

As To Hing, the big sister, grew older, she often said, "I would be 'ten parts happy' [that means perfectly happy] if only my little sister could come to school." So we were all delighted one day when she came, and with her a tiny girl four or five years old—the baby who wasn't worth as much as a pig.

We said she was too small to come to school, and the larger one said, "Then I can't come either, for I'll have to stay at home to look after her." So we

let them both come and they were very, very happy for several weeks.

And now comes the saddest part of my story. Do you know what leprosy is? It is a most dreadful disease that people get, and the wisest doctors in the world find it very hard to cure. The lepers' bodies get dreadful sores on them, that get worse and worse till they die.

People are so afraid of leprosy, that when one does get it, he or she is driven away from home, to beg from door to door, and to sleep on the streets or in some old temple. They are feared and hated and persecuted wherever they go.

Now to go back to our tiny girl, Kit Laan. We noticed that no one played with her, though she was a dear little girl. I went to school one day and found her put off by herself to study, sitting on a low stool with a high one for a desk, and she also ate her rice there. I supposed she had been naughty and that her teacher was punishing her. But the next day it was the same, and I thought that was too much punishment for such a wee girl.

When I asked the reason, the teacher said, "Don't you know?"

"No, I don't know anything about it."

"Didn't they tell you when they brought her? Her people think she is a leper and sent her to school because they had heard missionaries did not fear leprosy. They had already tried to sell her, but no one would buy her."

We told them that we do fear it. We sent her to

the hospital, and although it was too soon to know certainly that she is a leper, we had to tell her not to come any more because the other pupils were afraid of her and would leave school if she were there.

Now, I often wonder where dear little Kit Laan is. Would they drown her in the river, or cast her out to beg, or sell her to be a "little slave"?

Poor little Kit Laan! Won't you all pray for her? And pray, too, that those who are not lepers may be made willing to help provide a home for lepers to live by themselves, so they may have kind care and medicine and food, and so they will not give the disease to other people.*

Then give thanks to God who gave you strong, clean, healthy bodies, and ask Him to keep your hearts and minds and souls pure and clean from the leprosy of sin.

* Written in 1915. There now is a hospital for lepers at Lo Ting.

XII

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE

"Please, mister, may I stay here all night?"

Mr. Hon looked up from washing his supper dishes in the hospital kitchen and saw a little girl standing at the gate. In the gathering darkness he could not tell who she was. As he went out to the gate he said, "Who are you, Little Sister, and why do you want to stay here all night?"

"I am going home to my mother and it is too far to go tonight."

"But it is very dark for a little girl to be going about alone. Didn't I see you at the hospital before the sun went down?"

"Yes, I came a long time ago, but I purposely waited till dark to ask, because I knew you were 'Jesus-People' and would not send a little girl away in the dark. Please may I stay? I will get up early and go home to my mother."

"But this is a hospital, and there are so many sick people here that I fear we do not have room for you."

"Oh, but I don't need a bed. I'll just sleep on the floor or any place—and I don't need any supper. Please let me stay. It is so dark and I am so little. Don't send me away in the dark."

"Of course, I won't send you away, Little Sister. There is a school for girls near here, and I am sure

they can find a place for you, so I will take you there."

And so Mr. Hon brought her to my door. She was such a tiny thing, her poor body starved and stunted, her hands and feet rough and calloused with hard work, her coarse clothing worn thin and roughly mended, no doubt by her own skinny little hands that should still be plump and soft with youth and play time. Her body might have belonged to a seven- or eight-year-old, but her face was like a worn-out, tired woman's, and so full of sadness and fear that it made my heart ache to look at her.

She was a bit frightened at her first sight of a "foreign devil" but was soon at ease when a Chinese woman came into the room, though, like a frightened bird, she started at every sound. She had had no food since morning so we left most of her story to be told after she had eaten her warmed-over rice and greens, and had had her evening bath. And this is the story we got from her, bit by bit, as one and another questioned her.

"Yes, I am a 'Little Slave.' My mother was very poor and could not feed so many mouths, so she sold me a long time ago to a woman up in the city. But I ran off from her today, and I am going home to my mother. I won't stay with that wicked woman any longer. Oh, how cruel she is! Very, very cruel!

"And she made me work so hard. I'm too small for hard work. Look at the calloused spots on my shoulders made by carrying heavy loads of water from the river and wood from the mountains. Do

you think I can't dig in the ground? Look at my hands. The very hardest work I have had to do. But I didn't run off because I don't want to work. It's the cruelty. The very most cruel is my 'lord-mother.' "

With a quick flip, the tail of her *shaam* was over her head. "Look at my back," she said. "Those marks are from the beating I got this morning. And why did I get the beating? I shall tell you.

"My 'lord-mother' has some little chickens. Two evenings she sent me out to gather them in. She counted them and one was missing, so I went out to look for it. Up and down the street I went, into the neighbors' courtyards, all through the garden, searching, calling, and listening for the lost chicken. But it could not be found.

"When I went home without it she was very angry, and, scolding and cursing, put me out of the house, saying I could not come in till I had found the chicken. It was already dark, and, of course, I couldn't find it, but she kept me out until she was ready to go to bed. I was so frightened there in the dark, with soldiers and strange men going along the street, and dogs snarling and barking at me. But I was most frightened at the devils. I am so afraid of devils after dark. After I had cried a long time and begged to be let in, she opened the door and let me in, but, oh, the cruel beating she gave me!

"Last night another chicken was missing, and, of course, she said it was my fault. She was so angry she just dragged me to the door and threw me out.

And when do you suppose she let me in? At day-break this morning. She let me lie out on the street, on the doorstep all night long, frightened and cold and hungry, for I had had no supper.

"Do you suppose that was punishment enough for a poor little slave girl who had done no wrong? No. She said she would beat me to death. And she did, almost. How I wished I would die. But I didn't, and so as soon as I found a chance I slipped away and ran off. You won't let her have me, will you, if she comes here looking for me?"

Soon we sent her to bed in the clean, airy school bedroom, with the happy, chattering schoolgirls.

Next morning she was up bright and early, and it was a happy morning for her. Instead of the usual scolding and beating, she heard only kind words. Instead of being only a little slave, she was the guest of honor. At home she ate what was left after the others had eaten all they wanted; here she "ate her stomach full." It was very wonderful to her to see girls reading and writing, just like boys. But most wonderful, most delightful of all was to hear the girls sing at morning prayers. She had never heard any music like that, so sweet and enchanting.

And so it was a very happy morning to her—until we told her she must go back to her "lord-mother." We had talked it over with the older missionaries and with the Chinese, who knew their customs and laws better than we did, and this is what they said:

"She belongs to them. They bought her with money. If we keep her or send her back to her

mother, they will say we stole her, and could make a great deal of trouble for us. The best we can do is to tell her mother of their cruelty and she can warn the mistress that she will have her punished if she does not treat her daughter more kindly."

So a Christian woman was called to take the little slave back to her owner. But when the time came to go, the little girl was nowhere to be seen. We called and searched for her in schoolrooms, kitchen, bedrooms, and wood-house. We looked indoors and out, and, finally, after a long search, we found her in the farthest, darkest corner of the attic, hiding behind some trunks and baskets. She begged to stay at the school, and cried bitterly when we told her she must go back to her owners. Promising to do all she could to persuade the mistress not to punish her for running away, the woman half led, half dragged the poor, unhappy child away from the happiest place she had ever known, back to her cruel "lord-mother."

I never saw the poor little slave again. But I can't forget her. And I can't forget the hundreds of other little child-slaves in every city, in every street, in every wealthy home. How I wanted to redeem her—to buy her back from her cruel mistress, but that wouldn't help all the others. Besides, I didn't have money to buy even one, for little slaves cost much more than "little daughters-in-law," or even adopted daughters.

It seems almost impossible to help these poor, tired little burden bearers, because their mistresses are slaves too. Yes, Little Slave's "lord-mother"

was a slave too. And her master was even more cruel than she, so it was no wonder she was wicked and hard-hearted. I think perhaps you have heard of this hard master, for he has wretched, unhappy slaves all over the world. His name is Satan.

I have often seen prisoners in Chinese jails, with their ankles chained together. The chains were long enough to allow them to walk about and work. They were not locked in their cells all the time, either. But they were prisoners and had no real freedom. Some of the worst criminals were chained to large stones so they could not get away.

That is the way Satan does with his slaves, though his chains are not of iron, but of sin, and they are very, very strong. I think you could name some of the links in the chain that bound Little Slave's "lord-mother"—pride, selfishness, hatred, bad temper, cruelty, cigarettes, and many others. When the Christian woman told her that Christ loved her and died to save her from the power of sin and Satan, she just sneered. I think her cruel master must have been delighted, and immediately fastened her long chain of sin to the great stone of unbelief, so that she could not possibly escape.

Would it not be wonderful if all the women who are slaves of Satan could learn of Christ and become pure and kind and loving, instead of cruel and selfish and hateful? Then I am sure there would be no more sad tired Little Slaves in China.

266.02351

68-1604

H969h

Huston, Rose A.
How Yung Fu saved a Bible
and other stories.

DATE DUE

266.02351

68-1604

H969h

Huston, Rose A.

AUTHOR

How Yung Fu saved a Bible
and other stories.

TITLE

DATE DUE

BORROWER'S NAME

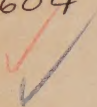
THE MASTER'S COLLEGE
POWELL LIBRARY
SANTA CLARITA, CA 91321

PROPERTY OF LIBRARY
NORTHEASTERN COLLEGIATE BIBLE INSTITUTE

266 351

~~107211~~

68-1604



THE MASTER'S COLLEGE

266.02351 H969h

MAIN

Huston, Rose A./How Yung Fu saved a Bibl



3 3540 00002 6041